

men of great literary name by the bright cleverness of her song, and as she was a valiant anti-Boulangist and "chaffed" the General pitilessly, her death has removed an obstacle in his path of popularity; unless, says Lemaitre, that being no longer sustained by her ironic counsels to hold his tongue, "Ernest" should recklessly commit himself by speech!

M. Wilson has made a great sensation by re-appearing in the Chamber of Deputies. The seats to the right and the left of him were quickly vacated, and the Chamber made up its mind to adjourn, resuming, however, its duties at the end of an hour and a-half, during which time M. Wilson had not budged! People are very much afraid of the ugly revelations which he threatens to make regarding the pecuniary complicity of many well-known men.

M. Guillaume Guizot, the son of the eminent statesman, is lecturing on the "Languages and Literature of Teutonic Origin." He devoted his inaugural discourse to the works of Mrs. Browning, and especially *Aurora Leigh*. A revival of interest in Mrs. Browning has lately taken place. It is known that she was an ardent admirer of Louis Napoleon, whom she contrived to see on the heroic side, and to whom she dedicated some fine lines. Many will remember her noble sonnet to George Sand, beginning

"Thou large-brained Woman and large-hearted Man."

In reading quite lately the melancholy letters of Gustave Flaubert, we were struck by the helpless and pathetic way in which the author of *Madame Bovary* came to rely in his last years on the friendship of the valiant old Madame Sand, many years his senior, and whom he addressed by the whimsically inconsistent epithet of "*Chère Maître*."

M. A. B.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

THE new dress of THE WEEK was looked for with eager anticipation and welcomed with satisfaction. Its fresh departure in size, as well as its continued impartiality in discussion, have won for it many interested readers. When all the leaders of public opinion in Canada shall handle important questions as appointments to the Senate, for example, was handled last week, there will be a dawning hope for the future of our political morality.

The commanding and one-in-a-thousand figure of the Hon. Edward Blake has just been seen by many of his Montreal friends during a flying visit. The topic on every tongue was his apparent restoration to health, and it will be little less than a national blessing if the evident improvement should be continued and confirmed. Heartily as we regret the cause, we nevertheless grant him with pleasure his relief from public toil. But we cannot afford to allow that relief to protract itself one single month longer than stern necessity demands. His scholarships for Political Economy in University College are an indication that his interests and ours are still one; and may prove, at least in some degree, a perpetuation of his educating influence until he can again resume harness in Ottawa.

Alas! How we are behind the day! The fresh literature on Political Economy at present in Britain is at the rate of a volume per month; and 158,000 copies of the shilling volumes of Carlyle were sold in six months. We have got beyond either in Montreal. Every possible and improbable freak of topsy-turvy-dom on earth has been exhausted, from Haggard's ready-made eclipses of the sun upwards. We are at present engaged in ransacking the attics of heaven and hell, by means of what appears to be a lengthy correspondence. Nevertheless there is a remnant who sigh for better things and better times. The few who care were strongly in favour of your new Chair of Political Economy being occupied by a Canadian. The science itself belongs to no country and to no age. But every country and every age has its past and present and its hopes for a future, and there are many important interests which might have been served by asking our young Canadians to approach this study from a national enthusiasm and under a national guide. The relation of our own great public questions to each other can be understood only by one who has sniffed them in the air from his youth; and the relation of our great public questions to those of that country which forms at once our neighbour and our most natural ally require in addition something like a positive ignorance and disregard of British sentiment regarding them. Nevertheless we welcome Prof. Ashley, and wish him success and satisfaction in his work. He will find the field already white unto harvest, but withering and drooping for want of labourers.

Montreal has grown so accustomed to its attitude as the stronghold of the principles of protection in trade, that few pause to consider how these principles are operating in our own midst, and in our simplest daily wants. When a hundred men in a sugar refinery could see nothing but good in taxing for their peculiar benefit every old man and woman in the country who put a spoonful of sugar into their evening cup of tea, they do not seem to have calculated that what went into one pocket must come out at the other. And if a Housekeepers' Defence Association had been formed to protect the interests of the hundreds of thousands of old men and women who have to pay two prices for their sugar, we should most certainly have heard of a deputation to Ottawa with the usual results. As it is, however, the fable of the boys and the frogs is being most beautifully illustrated. These men and others in Point St. Charles regard it as only evil that a shoemaker for his shoes, a tailor for his coat, and a landlord for his house must charge what will enable them to pay the second price for their sugar and everything else that is

protected. Thus they have put their heads together to resist.

A Tenants' Defence Association has been organized, and a regular campaign is instituted against landlords. On dit that an alderman in your good Queen City of the West has committed himself to the principles of Mr. Henry George. But in all soberness these principles are limited and reassuring when compared to the theories of this association. A crowded and excitedly enthusiastic meeting took place, during which the "platform" of the association was divulged, and further light has been thrown upon it by a public letter from the president. It is not surprising that in a corner of Montreal, the most rabidly protective, a movement of this sort should be regarded as a religious crusade. The president's letter says: "The platform is broad enough to hold all who believe that the welfare of the people is more desirable than the pecuniary interests of a few landowners. While the objection that the name of the association is suggestive of a class movement may at first seem to have some foundation, yet if the question is considered from the standpoint of principle, it will be seen that the safest and most conservative way to accomplish any reform is to commence at the bottom." According to this gentleman the frogs should be compelled to come out of the pool, instead of the boys to stop stone-throwing. If he had said that his platform was broad enough to hold all who believe that the welfare of a few industry-owners is more desirable than the pecuniary interests of the people, he would have come nearer the mark; and that if the question considered from a standpoint of principle requires a commencement at the top and a finale there, it would prove the only safe and conservative way to accomplish their reform. Our hope lies in one sentence, namely, "The opposition which the society's name may bring against it will cause a discussion of its principles which we could not otherwise have hoped for." But to be just let us take them at home. This association pledges itself to advocate:

1. "The abolition of taxes on all house property under 2,000 dollars" (public meeting), "as workingmen's homes are seldom of higher value" (public letter). Neither the meeting nor the letter explains who is to pay the taxes for them, and why.

2. "The raising of taxes on vacant lots to their full value" (meeting), "because the injustice of our system of taxation is most apparent, . . . it is not encouraging men to place their money in vacant lots instead of in homes?" (letter). Neither explains why the manufacturer should not be encouraged to place his money in homes instead of in vacant industries.

3. "The withdrawal of the water-tax altogether; the revenue for this purpose to be met from the increased taxation of vacant lots" (meeting), "because our system of assessing water-rates is barbarous" (letter). Neither explains why to compel a man who purchases land to pay for one who purchases water is, "from the standpoint of principle, commencing at the bottom."

4. "The abolition of the lease system altogether" (meeting); "because it is not just to compel a tenant to retain a tenement longer than he has use for the same" (letter); and because "what right has a landlord to receive the assistance of law in compelling a tenant to remain in his house for a year, against his will, more than a merchant has to compel the same tenant to purchase goods at his store?" (letter). Neither explains the right that the merchant and manufacturer have to compel us, "by the assistance of the law," to purchase their goods and pay their prices, not only for a year, but I am afraid, for ever, more than the landlord has to compel us to purchase his goods and pay his prices.

5. "The institution of the weekly rent method of tenancy" (meeting), because, "a tenant whose circumstances will not enable him to meet the rent therefore desires a cheaper house, and should be permitted, after a reasonable notice, to leave" (letter). Neither explains when the payment of all our protective prices shall be made weekly, so that when circumstances do not enable us to meet them, and desire cheaper goods, we may give reasonable notice and "leave," using and paying for these productions. "If either requires the protection of the law, which should the law favour?" "The landlord, who has houses and lands, or the tenant, who has nothing?" I hope that the discussion of the principles of this association will answer this question, and that the working men of Point St. Charles, and of Canada, indeed, will learn that "to commence at the bottom" is to throw open every industry in Canada to the competition of the world; to induce our manufacturers to master technically and practically the details of their production, instead of contenting themselves with mere speculations; to give their whole minds to their machinery, to make their margins out of cheapening their productions by applying their brains as well as their capital; to be more frequently in their workshops and less frequently in Ottawa; and to prove that with our free water-power and cheap French labour, we can not only stand, but push against the world. So long as the words *combination* and *protection* are words that Canadians, from the most thorough-going business and commercial point of view, are not as business-men, ashamed of, so long will law among us be but a mockery of justice—or protection of the powerful and wealthy against the weak and poor, instead of a protection of the weak and poor against the powerful and wealthy.

VILLE MARIE.

EPIGRAMS are the product of a rested brain. The brain that is curdled with all-night sittings is in no condition to condense the wisdom of many into the wit of one.

### THE HOMELESS SEA.

I surge and toss, I moan and cry,  
My heart doth heave with yearning strong,  
For mountain strength and calm I long,  
But like the "homeless sea" am I.

The moon is far, her light is cold,  
To her my being flows away,  
Then backward sinks dejectedly;  
Thus forth and hither from of old.

I joy in grapple with the winds,  
With fierce delight I spume and spray,  
And crash my shores in lordly play;  
No longer pain my spirit binds.

But when my waves beneath the moon  
Are like a molten silver plain  
I feel the under-current pain—  
If Death would only grant a boon!

My soul to leave the earth is fain,  
To float unchained in upper air;  
But wings of cloud when I prepare  
The winds do shred them into rain.

Yet hope a steadfast gladness brings;  
The moon blood-red shall blush for me,  
On earth there shall be "no more sea,"  
To her I'll fly on vapour wings!

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

### LOUIS LLOYDS' LETTER.

PERHAPS no better proof could be given of the charm Vancouver has had for us than the fact that it is only now, at the eleventh hour after a three weeks' stay here, that I begin to indite my fourth budget. We have walked and we have driven; we have grown enthusiastic, and our enthusiasm has become a flame lighting up the city's future, a future of crowded thoroughfares and towering buildings, of hive-like wharves and rattling stations. Between Vancouver and the prairie towns there is all the difference which lies between a body of flesh and blood and a body of stone. Places like Regina will go on increasing, but it must always be mechanical work. I have yet to discover what irresistible incentive to live people can find in such flat, treeless, waterless spots. Here everything is instinct with vitality. The mists that coil about the mountain sides and stroke their heads like nymphs coquetting with a band of Titans, change a thousand times a day. Then the warm, damp air coaxes from nature all her passionate luxuriance, and from men an ardour far keener than they feel in arctic regions.

The first thing to be done on arrival in Vancouver is to go and see the park. The first thing to be done on arrival in any new place is to go and see every interesting point for twenty miles round, and then return under the hallucination that you have been looking at the place itself. Vancouver to-day stands filled with stumps and possibilities—but little else. The city begins very *piano* towards the east in low, cramped-up, wooden houses, and then goes on *crescendo* westwards from two-storied buildings to those of six. I need hardly mention, I suppose, the buildings of six are the hotel. Further than this you may find cosy dwellings standing amidst a harvest of stumps; but the stump's hour has come. As I look from my window out through the night, I can see a perfect pandemonium stretching to the water. Trees seem such human things. They are pathetic, raising their bare blackened arms in helpless agony towards the sky, while the crawling flames encircle them and slowly suck away their life-blood. Oh, you poor martyrs to civilization! But what would be done without town lots to sell?

Talking about town lots, let us take the road to the park which passes along Granville Street. It is a little out of the way, but never mind. A little out of the way to the park, I mean, but out of the way of nothing else. This future thoroughfare stretches from bay to bay right across the town. At present at one end are the C. P. R. workshops, and the bridge across False Creek to the farming country; at the other the railway station and harbour. Time may change the position of things more or less but time cannot possibly change the all importance of Granville Street. On it now stands the Hotel Vancouver, on it eventually we shall find the opera house. All day long one may hear from the hotel windows the whiz, the thud, the creaking of machinery, and chisel, and hammer, and this means wonderful new buildings for Granville Street. Nobody wants a boom, and the powers that be don't expect one though the value of property increases steadily day by day. When we remember what constituted Vancouver two years ago after the fire—one house was it? we do anything but despair at seeing tall trees growing on town lots for sale. Such a place is simply irrepressible.

And passing the town lots we come to the park. I wish Garth were not sitting in front of us in this little buggy. I wish we could drive through these seven miles of soft, green, scented wilderness without any other thought except the softness and the greenness, and the perfume, but Garth is inexorable. You must learn all about the back country and the price of land, the area of the park, and the circumference of trees. So know then that Vancouver has a very promising back country, farming land not too extensive at present but growing rapidly, and extremely rich. Know also that this seven-mile park